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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Life and Death of Jack Straw.

Date of the first known edition, 1593

(British Museum. C, 34, b. 46.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 56]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Life and Death of Jack Straw.

1593

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Life and Death of Jack Straw.

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The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum (Press-mark, C, 34, b. 46).

Another edition, issued in 1604 is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

It will be noticed that while the date on the title-page of this, the earlier edition, is 1593, the colophon is dated 1594.

The original (a unique copy) is in very poor condition: of this facsimile there is nothing special to record, the high average quality of reproduction being maintained.

JOHN S. FARMER.

T H E
L I F E A N D
Death of Iacke

Straw, A notable Rebell
in England:

Who was kild in Smithfield
by the Lord Maier of
London.



Printed at London by *John Danter*, and are to be
solde by *VVilliam Barley* at his shop in
Gracious-street ouer against
Leaden-Hall.

1593.



THE LIFE AND Death of Iacke Strawe.

Actus primus.

Collector.

NOW such a murmuring to rise vpon so trifling a thing,
In all my life neuer saw I before:
And yet I haue beene Officer this seauen yeare and more,
The Tyler and his wife are in a great rage,
Affirming their Daughter to be vnder age.

Iacke Strawe.

Art thou the Collector of the Kings taske?

Collector.

I am Tyler why dost thou aske?

Iacke Strawe.

Because thou goest beyond the Commission of the King,
We graunt to his Highnes pleasure in euery thing:
Thou hast thy taske money for all that be heere,
My Daughter is not fourteene yeares olde, therefore shee
goes cleare.

Collector.

And because thou sayest so, I should belecue thee.

Iacke Strawe.

Chooſe whether thou wilt or no, thou gettest no more of
me.

For I am ſure thy Office doth not arme thee with ſuch au-
thoritie.

Thus to abuſe the poore people of the Countrie.

A 3

But

The life and death

But chiefest of all vilde villaine as thou art,
To play so vnmanly and beastly a part,
As to searce my daughter thus in my presence.

Collector.

Why base villaine, wilt thou teach me what to do?
VVilt thou prescribe me mine office, and what belongs
thereto?

Jacke Strawe.

VVhat villaine, dost strike me? I sweare by the rood,
As I am *Jacke Strawe*, thou shalt buy it with thy blood;
There lie and be well paid for thy paine.

Collector.

O helpe, helpe, the kings officer is slaine.

*Enter Parson Ball, Wat Tyler, Nobs, Tom
Miller the Clowne.*

Wat Tyler.

How now *Jacke Strawe*, doth any body abuse thee?

Jacke Strawe.

Alas *Wat*, I haue kild the kings officer in striking rashly.

Tom Miller.

A small matter to recouer a man that is slaine,
Blow wind in his tayle, and fetch him againe.

Parson Ball.

Content thee, tis no matter, and *Jacke Strawe* godamercie,
Herein thou hast done good seruice to thy country:

VVere all inhumaine slaues so serued as he,
England would be ciuill, and from all such dealings free.

Nobs.

By gogs bloud my maisters, we will not put vp this so quietly,

VVe owe God a death, and we can but die:
And though the fairest end of a Rebell is the gallowes,

Yet

of Iacke Strawe.

Yet if you will be rulde by mee,
VVele so deale of ourselues as wele reuenge this villainy,
Iacke Strawe.

The king God wot knowes not whats done by such poore
men as we,

But wele make him know it, if you will be rulde by me:
Her's Parson *Ballan* honest Priest, and telles vs that in
charitie,

VVe may sticke together in such quarrels honestly.

Tom Miller.

VVhat is he an honest man? the deuill he is, he is the
Parson of the Towne,

You thinke ther's no knauerie hid vnder a black gowne,
Find him in a pulpit but twise in the yeare,
And Ile find him fortie times in the ale-house tasting
strong beere.

Parson Ball.

Neighbors, neighbors, the weakeft now a dayes goes to
the wall,

But marke my words, and follow the counsell of *Iohn Ball*,
England is growne to such a passe of late,
That rich men triumph to see the poore beg at their gate.
But I am able by good scripture before you to proue,
That God doth not this dealing allow nor loue.
But when *Adam* delued, and *Eue* span,
VWho was then a Gentleman.

Brethren, brethren, it were better to haue this commu-
nitie,

Then to haue this difference in degrees:
The land'ord his rent, the lawyer his fees.
So quickly the poore mans substance is spent,
But merrily with the world it went,
VWhen men eat berries of the hauthorne tree,
And thou helpe me, Ile helpe thee,

There

The Life and Death

There was no place for surgerie,
And old men knew not vsurie:
Now tis come to a wofull paffe,
The Widdow that hath but a pan of brasse,
And scarce a house to hide her head,
Sometimes no penny to buy her bread,
Must pay her Landlord many a groat,
Or twil be puld out of her throat:
Brethren mine so might I thrive,
As I wish not to be aliue,
To see such dealings with extremitie,
The Rich haue all, the poore liue in miserie:
But follow the counsell of *John Ball*,
I promise you I loue yee all:
And make diuision equally,
Of each mans goods indifferently,
And rightly may you follow Armes,
To rid you from these ciuill harmes.

Jacke Straw.

Well said Parson so may it bee,
As wee purpose to preferre thee:
Wee will haue all the Rich men displasse,
And all the brauerie of them defasse,
And as rightly as I am *Jacke Straw*,
In spight of all the men of Law,
Make thee Archbishop of Caunterberie,
And Chauncellor of England or Ile die.
How saist thou *Was*, shall it bee so?

Was Tyler.

I *Jacke Straw*, or else Ile bide many a fowle blow.
It shall bee no other but hee,
That thus fauours the Communalitie,
Stay wee no longer prating here,
But let vs roundly to this geare,

Tis

of Iacke Strawe.

Tis more than time that we were gone,
VVele be Lords my Maisters euery one.

Tom Miller.

And I my Maisters will make one,
To fight when all our foes be gone,
VVell shall they see before wele lacke,
VVele stufte the Gallowes till it cracke.

Iacke Straw.

I hope we shall haue men inow,
To aide vs herein *Was*, how thinkest thou?

Parson Ball.

Tag and rag thou needst not doubt.

Was Tyler.

But who shall be Captaine of the Rowt.

Parson Ball.

That shall you two for all our Kentish men.

Iacke Straw.

Fellow Captaine welcome lets about it.

Was Tyler.

Agreed fellow Captaines to London.

Exeunt all but Nobs.

Nobs.

Heres euen worke towards for the Hangman, did you euer
see such a erue,

After so bad a beginning, whats like to insue?

Faith euen the common reward for Rebels, Swingledome
swangledome, you know as well as I,

But what care they, yee heare them say they owe God a
death, and they can but die.

Tis dishonor for such as they to dye in their bed,

And credir to cape under the Gallowes all saue the head:

And yet by my fay the beginning of this Riot,

May chaunce cost many a mans life before all be at quiet:

B

And

The Life and Death

And I faith Ile be amongst them as forward as the best.
And if ought fall out but wel, I shall shift amongst the rest,
And being but a boy, may hide me in the throng,
Tyborn stand fast, I feare you will be loden ere it be long.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Treasurer, Lord Archbishop, and
Secretarie, with others.*

Lord Treasurer.

And yet Lord Archbishop your Grace doth know,
That since the latest time of Parliament,
Wherein this taske was graunted to the King,
By generall consent of either house,
To helpe his warres which hee intends to Fraunce,
For wreake and iust recouerie of his right,
How slow their payment is in euey place,
That better a King not to commaund at all,
Than be beholding to vngratefull mindes.

Archbishop.

Lord Treasurer it seemeth strange to mee,
That being wonne with reason and regard,
Of true succeeding Prince, the common sort,
Should be so slacke to glue or gtudge the gift,
That is to be employd for their behoofe,
Hard and vnnaturall be the thoughts of theirs,
That sucke the milke, and will not helpe the VVell,
The King himselfe being now but young of age:
If things should fall out otherwise than well,
The blame doth fall vpon the Counsellor,
And if I take my aime not all awie,
The Multitude a Beast of many heads,
Of misconceiuing and misconstruing minds,
Reputes this last beneuolence to the King,

Given

of Iacke Strawe.

Giuen at high Court of Parliament,
A matter more requirde for priuate good,
Than helpe or benefite of common weale,
VVherein how much they wrong the better sort,
My conscience beareth witnes in the cause.

Secretarie.

My Lords, because your words not worthles are,
Because they stand on reasons sure ground,
And tend vnto the profit of the King,
VVhose profit is the profit of the Land,
Yet giue me leaue in reuerence of the cause,
To speake my minde touching this question:
VVhen such as wee doo see the peoples harts,
Exprest as farre as time will giue them leaue,
VVith hartines of their beneuolence,
My thinks it were for others happines,
That harts and purfes should together goe:
Misdeeme not good my Lords of this my speach,
Sith well I wote the Noble and the slaue,
And all doo liue but for a Common weale,
VVhich Common weale in other tearmes, is the Kings.

Messenger.

The Iustices and Sheriffes of Kent, sends greetinges to
your Honours here by mee.

Archbishop.

My Lords, this brieft doth openly vnfold,
A dangerous taske to vs and all our traines,
VVith speede let vs impart the newes vnto my Lord the
King,
The fearefull newes that whilst the flame doth but begin,
Sad pollicie may serue to quench the fire:
The Commons now are vp in Kent, let vs not suffer this
first attempt too farre.

B 2

Treasurer.

The Life and Death

Treasurer.

My friend what powre haue they assembled in the field.

Messenger.

My Lord a twentie thousand men or there about,

Secretarie.

See here the perill that was late foreseene,
Ready to fall on this vnhappy Land;
VVhat barbarous minde for griuance more than needs,
Vnnaturallie seeks wreake vpon their Lord,
Their true annoiated Prince, their lawfull king:
So dare this blind vnshamefast multitude,
Lay violent hands they wot not why nor where:
But be thou still as best becommeth thee,
To stand in quarrell with thy naturall Liege,
The Sunne may sometime be eclips'd with Clouds,
But hardlie may the twinkling starres obscure,
Or put him out of whom they borrow light.

Exeunt.

*Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter,
Tom Miller, and Nobs.*

Iacke Straw.

I marrie *Wat* this is another matter, me thinks the worlde
is changed of late,
Who would liue like a beggar, and may be in this estate.

Wat Tyler.

VVe are here fowre Captaines iust, *Iacke Straws, Wat
Tyler, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller:*
Search me all England and find trower such Captaines, and
by gods bloud lie be hangd.

Nobs.

So you will be neuerthelesse I stand in great doubt.

Hob Carter.

*Captaine Straws, and Captaine Tyler, I thinke I haue
brought*

of Iacke Strawe.

brought a companie of Essex men for my traine,
That will neuer yeeld; but kill or else be slaine.

Tom Muller.

And for a little Captaine I haue the vantage of you all,
For while you are a fighting, I can creepe into a quart pot
I am so small.

Nobs.

But Maisters what aunswere made Syr *John Merton* at Ro-
chester,
I heard say hee would keepe the Castle still, for the Kings
use.

Iacke Straw.

So he did til I fetcht him out by force, and I haue his wife
and children pledges, for his speedie returne from the
King, to whom he is gone with our message.

Tom Muller.

Let him take heede hee bring a wife answere to our wor-
ships, or els his pledges goes to the pot,

Hob Carter.

Captaine *Straw*, how many men haue we in the field,

Iacke Straw.

Marrie Captaine *Carter*, about fiftie thousand men.

Hob Carter.

VVhere shall we pitch our tents to lie in safetie,

Iacke Straw.

Marrie *Hob* vpon Blacke-heath beside Greenwich, there
wele lie,

And if the King will come thither to know our pleasures
so it is: if not, I know what wele doo.

Wat Tyler.

Gogs bloud *Iacke*, haue we the cards in our hands?
Lets take it vpon vs while we haue it.

Exeunt.

E 3

Nobs.

The Life and Death

Nobs.

I marrie, for you know not how long you shall hold it.
Fiftie thousand men they haue alreadie in Armes that will
draw together,

If wee hang together as fast, some of vs shall repent it,

Exeunt.

*Enter the Queene Mother, the Countie of Salisburie,
and a Gentleman Usher.*

Queene Mother.

This strange vnwelcome and unhappie newes,
Of these vnnaturall Rebels and vniust,
That threaten wracke vnto this wretched Land,
Aye me affrights my womans mazed minde,
Burdens my heart, and interrupts my sleepe,
That now vnlesse some better tidings come,
Vnto my sonne their true appointed King,
My heauy hart I feare will breake in twaine,
Surcharged with a heauie load of thoughts.

Countie Salisburie.

Madam, your Graces care in this, I much commend,
For though your sonne my Lord the King be young,
Yet he will see so well vnto him selfe,
That he will make the proudest Rebell know,
What tis to moue or to displease a King,
And though his looks bewray such lenitie,
Yet at aduantage hee can vse extremitie:
Your Grace may call to minde that being a king,
He will not put vp any iniurie,
Especially of base and common men,
Which are not worthe but with reuerence,
To looke into the Princelie state of Kings,
A King sometimes will make a show of curtesie,

Onely



of Iacke Strawe.

Onely to fit a following pollicie:
And it may be the King determines so,
That hee will trie before he trust a foe.

Usher.

True Madam, for your Graces sonne the King,
Is so well ruled by diuers of his Pieres,
As that I thinke the proudest foe hee hath,
Shall find more worke than hee will take in hand,
That seeks the downefall of his Maiestie:
I hope the Councell are too wise for that,
To suffer Rebels in aspiring pride,
That purpose treason to the Prince and state.
In good time, see where my Lord the King,
Doth come accompanied with the Bishoppe and Lord
Treasorer.

King.

I maruaile much my Lords what rage it is,
That moues my people whom I loue so deare,
Vnder a shew of quarrell good and iust,
To rise against vs thus in mutinies,
VVith threatning force against our state and vs:
But if it bee as we are giuen to know,
By Letters and by credible report,
A little sparke hath kindled all this fire,
VVhich must be quencht with circumspect regard,
Before we feele the violence of the flame:
Meane while, sweete Ladie Mother be content,
And thinke their mallice shall not iniure you,
For wee haue tooles to crop and cut them off,
Ere they presume to touch our Royall selfe,
And thus resolute, that you secure shall bee,
VVhat hard mishap soeuer fall to mee.

Enter Messenger.

Health and good hap befall your Maiestie.

Usher.

The Life and Death

Usher.

My Lord here is a messenger from Kent,
That craues access vnto your Maiestie.

King.

Admit him neere, for wee will heare him speake;
Tis hard when twixt the people and the King,
Such termes of threats and parlies must be had,
VVould any Gentleman or man of worth,
Be seene in such a cause without offence,
Both to his God, his Countrie, and his Prince,
Except he were inforced thereunto?

Queene.

I cannot thinke so good a Gentleman,
As is that Knight Syr *Iohn Morton* I meane,
VVould entertaine so base and vild a thought:
Nor can it sinke into my womans head,
That were it not for feare or pollicie,
So true a bird would file so faire a nest,
But here hee comes, O so my longing minde,
Desires to know the tidings hee doth bring.

Morton.

The Commons of Kent salute your Maiestie,
And I am made their unhappie messenger:
My Lord, a cruoe of Rebels are in field,
And they haue made commotions late in Kent,
And drawne your people to a mutinie:
And if your Grace see not to it in time,
Your Land will come to ruine by their meanes,
Yet may your Grace finde remedie in time,
To quallifie their pride that thus presume.

Bishop.

VVho are the Captaines of this Rebel rowt,
That thus doo rise gainst their annointed King?
VVhat see they men of any worth or no?

If

of Iacke Straw.

If men of worth, I cannot choose but pittie them.

Morton.

No my good Lord, they bee men of no great account,
For they bee none but Tylers, Thatchers, Millers, and
such like.

That in their liues did neuer come in field,
Before this mutanie did call them forth:
And for securitie of my backe returne,
Vpon this message which I shoud the King,
They keepe my wife and children for a pledge,
And hald mee out from forth my Castell at Rochester,
And swore me there to come vnto your Maiestie,
And hauing told you their mindes,
I hope your Grace will pardon mee for all;
In that I am enforced therevnto,

King.

How many men haue they assembled in the field?

Morton.

I thinke my Lord about twentie thousand men,
But if your Grace would follow my aduice,
Thus would I deale with these Rebellious men,
I would finde time to parly with some of them,
And know what in their mindes they doo intend,
For being armed with such treacherous thoughts,
They may performe more than your Grace expects.

King.

VVith speede returne to those vnnaturall men,
And see Syr Iohn you greete them thus from vs,
Tell them that wee our selfe will come to them,
To vnderstand their meaning and their mindes:
And tell them if they haue any euill sustaind,
Our selfe will see sufficient recompence:
Goe good Syr Iohn, and tell them vpon the Thames,
Our selfe will meete with them,

C

Ther

The Life and Death

There to conferre concerning their auaille,
Doe so Sir *John* and kindly recommend vs to them all.

We shall fulfill your graces minde in this,
And thus I take my Conge of your Maiestie,
V Visiting your Grace thrice Nestors yeates to raigne,
To keepe your Land, and gard your Royall Tfaire,

Queen.
Farewell good Knight and as thou dar'st remember them
though they forget themselves.

Bishop.
Edward Morton.
Your grace heerein is very well aduised,
VVith resolution fitting your degree,
Your Grace must shew your selfe to be a King,
And rule like Gods visgerent here on earth,
The lookers of Kinges doe lend both life and death,
And when a King doth set downe his decree,
His sentence should be irrevocable,
Your grace herein hath shewne your Princely minde,
In that you haue to pray on carren flesh,
Such praies befits not Kings to pray vpon,
That may command and countermand their owne,
I hope my Lord this message so will proue,
That publike hate will turne to private loue,
And therefore I say my Lord you haue answered well,
The taske was giuen your Grace by Art and Partimend,
And you haue reason to demand your dew.

King.
My Lords I hope we shall not neede to feare,
To meete those men that thus doe threaten vs,
VVe will my Lords to morrowe meete with them,
And heare my Lords what tis that they demand.
Mother your Grace shall neede to take no care,

For

of Iacke Strawe.

For you shall in our Towre of London stay,
Till we returne from Kent to you againe.
My Lord see euery thing prepar'd for vs:
And Mother thus I leaue your Maiestie,
You to the Towre, and I must hence to Kent,

Treasurer.

My Lord if so you please take my aduise herein,
That speakes in loue and duty to your grace:
I shall in euery matter priueledge your Maiestie and all
your Lordly traine,
I meane against your Mannor of Greenwich towne, of
And so amidst the streame may houer safe
Meane while they send some few and chofen men,
To giue your Grace to vnderstand their mindes,
And thus my Lord I haue aduentured,
To shew your Maiestie my minde herein.

Finis Actus Primus.



Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom Miller with a Goose.

IT is good to make prouision, for peradventure wee shall
lacke victuals and wee lie in campe on Blacke Heath
long.

And in faith as long as this Goose lasts wele not starue:
And as many good fellowes as will come to the eating of
her, come and welcome.

For in faith I came lightly by her,
And lightly come lightly gone.

We Capitaines are Lords within our selues,
And if the world hold out we shalbe Kings shortly.

*Enter Nobs and cut away the Goose while hee talketh,
and leue the head behind him with them &
Morton.*

Tom Miller.

The rest of my fellowe Capitaines are gone before to
Grenewich to meete the King:

That comes to knowe our minde,

And while they be about it:

He make good cheare, with my Goose here,

Whats the Goose flowne away without her head.

Exeunt.

*Enter with the crew Tom Miller, Jacke Straw,
Wat Tyler, and Hob Carter.*

Jacke Straw.

of Iacke Strawe.

Iacke Strawe.

Heres a flurre more than needs,
What meanes the King thus to abuse vs?
And makes vs runne about his pleasure, and to no end.
He promised vs to meete vs on the water,
And by Ladie as soone as we came at the water side,
Hee faire and flat turnes his Barge and away hee goes to
London.
Itell thee *Wat* we will not put vp this abuse.

Wat Tyler.

By gogs blood *Captaine Strawe*, wee will remoue our
campe, and awaie to London roundlie,
And there wele speake with him, or wele know whie wee
shall not.

Iacke Strawe.

God amarcie *Wat* and ere we haue done,
VVe will be Lords euerie one.

Hob Carter.

Gentle *Iacke Strawe*, in one line let vs drawe,
And wele not leaue a man of lawe,
Nor a paper worth a hawe,
And make him worse than a dawe,
That shall stand against *Iacke Strawe*.

Morton.

Me thinkes you might doe well to answere the King
In the name of the who'e companie:
Some dossen or twenty men for the nonce, that may deli-
uer the minds of you all in few words.

Iacke Strawe.

Sir *John Morton* you are an Assle, to tell vs what wee haue
to doe,
Hold your prating you were best.

Wat Tyler.

Itell thee Sir *John* thou abusest vs.

The Life and Death

But lets to London as fast as we can,

*Enter King, Arch Bishop, Treasurer, Secretary,
Sir John Newton, and Spencer;*

My Lords if all our men are come vnto the shore,
Let us get the againe into the Tidewater, and let
These people are not to be talkt withall,
Much lesse with reason to be ordered,
That so vnderly with strikes and cries,
Make shew as though they would invade vs all,
I haue not heard nor read of any King
So vngently of his people entreated,

Exeunt King and his traine, save Newton & Spencer.

Spencer.

Sir John what was the cause the King returned so soone,
And with such hast so quickly tooke the shore,

Sir Newton.

Bargeman the King had reason for the same,
warrant thee he was not ill advise,

Spencer.

I thinke he meant to haue sommen some talke with that
villaine

Newton.

Howebeit indeede *Spencer* but you heard how it fel out,

Spencer.

Not well I held my stearne so hard.

Newton.

T was thus, the King and all his companie,

Being rowd with Ores so far as *Greenewich Towne*,

It was a world to see what Troopes of men,

Like Bees that swarme about the honey hie,

Can

of Iacke Strawe

Can strew the grauill ground and sandy plaine,
 That fill the Aire with cries and fearful noise,
 And from the water did an eccho rise
 That pearst the yeares of our renowned King,
 Affrighting so his heart with strong conceits,
 Of some vnhappy gricuous stratigene,
 That trust me with my eares I heard him say,
 He thought they would haue all like Spaniels,
 Tane water despretly and boyled him.
 So did they all yare like frantick men,
 That time he thought to speed away to pace,
 And take the best aduantage of the place.

Indeed I could not greatly blame his Maestie,
 My selfe was not so stardie this seven year,
 My thought there was sufficient mouthes inough to fill
 At highest tide to haue drawen the Thames drier
 Spence, as it flows this at London bridge,
 London I feare will heare of your seruage.

Exeunt Ambo.

Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, Tom Miller,
Norke, Step Deny and Southwarkemen
 Neighbours you that keepe the gates in the Kings siege
 people in, or we will bestow to aide them with bals of
 wild fire or some other deuise, for they haue spoile all
 Southwark, let out all the prisoners, broke vp the Mar-
 shalsea and the Kings bench, and made great hauocke in
 the Burrowe here,
 Therefore I pray you let them in,

Wat Tyler.

The Life and Death

Was Tyler.

Porter open the gate, if thou louest thy selfe, or thine own
life, open the gate.

Tom Miller.

You haue a certaine spare Goose came in to bee rosted,
Shee is inough by this.

Exeunt all but Morton.

Morton.

VVhat meanes these wretched miscreants,
To make a spoile of their owne country mens
Vnnaturall Rebels what so ere,
By fortaine foes may seeme no whit so strange,
As Englishmen to trouble England thus
VVell may I tearme it insect to the Land,
Like that fowle lawles force and violence,
VVhich Cyneris did offer to his child,
O happie time from all such troubles free,
VVhat now alas is like to be the end of this attempt,
But that so long as they are glutted all with blood, they
bath therein.

Exeunt Morton, Enter Nobs with a Flemming.

Sirra here it is set downe by our Captaines that as many
of you as cannot say bread and cheefe, in good and perfect
English, ye die for it, & that was the cause so many stran-
gers did die in Smithfield.

Let me heare you say bread and cheefe,

Brocke and Keyse.

Exeunt both

Finis Actus Secundus.

Enter



Actus Tertius.

*Enter King, Lord Maior, Sir Iohn Newton, two Sav-
gants, with Gard and Gentlemen.*

King.

S*ir Newton, & Lord Maior, this wrong that I am offered,
This open and vnnaturall iniury,
A King to be thus hardly handled,
Of his owne people and no other foes,
But such as haue bin brought vp and bred in his cown Lo-
some,
Nourished with his tender care,
To be thus robbed of Honour and offriends,
Thus daunted with continuall frights and feares,
Haled on to what mishap I cannot tell:
More heard mishap than had oflike bin mine,
Had I not marked bin to be a King.*

Lord Maior.

*It shall become your Grace most Gracious Lord,
To beare the minde in this afflicted time,
As other Kings and Lords hath done before,
Armed with sufferance and magnanimitie,
The one to make you resolute for chaunce,
The other forward in your resolution:
The greatest wrong this rowt hath done your Grace,
Amongst a many other wicked parts,
Is in frightening your worthie Lady Mother,
Making to le slaughter of your Noble men,*

D

Burning

The Life and Death

Burning vp Bookes and matters of records,
Defacing houses of hostilitie,
Sant *Jones* in Smithfield, the *Sauoy* and such like,
And beating downe like wolues, the better sort,
The greatest wrong in my opinion is,
That in Honour doth your person touch,
I meane they call your Maiestie to Parle,
And ouer beare you with a multitude,
As if you were a vassall not a King:
O wretched mindes of vild and barbarous men,
For whom the heauens haue secret wreake in store:
But my Lord with reuerence and with pardon too,
V Why comes your Grace into Smithfield neare the crew,
Vnarm'd and garded with so small a traine.

King.

If clemencie may win their raging minds,
To ciuill order, Ile approue it first.
They shall perceaue I come in quiet wise,
Accompanied with the Lord Maior here alone,
Besides our Gard that doth attend on vs.

Maior.

May it please your Grace that I shall raise the streets,
To Gard your Maiestie through Smithfield as you walke.

King.

No Lord Maior, twill make them more outrageous,
And be a meane to shed a world of blood:
I more account the blood of English men than so,
But this is the place I haue appointed them
To heare them speake and haue aduentured,
To come among this fowle vnrule crew:
And loe my Lords, see where the people comes.

Enter

of Iacke Strawe.

*Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Tom Miller, Payf on Ball,
and Hiob Carter.*

Iacke Straw.

My Masters this is the King, come away,
Tis hee that we would speake with all.

King.

Newton. desire that one may speake for all,
To tell the summe of their demaund at full.

Newton.

My Masters you that are the especiall men,
His Maiestie requires you all by me,
That one may speake and tell him your demaund,
And gentlie here he lets you know by me,
He is resolu'd to heare him all at large.

King.

I good my friends, I pray you hartely,
Tell vs your mindes as mildly as you can,
And we will answere you so well to all,
As you shall not mislike in anything.

Iacke Straw.

VVe come to reuenge your Officers ill demeanor,
And though we haue kild him for his knaueerie,
Now we be gotten together, we will haue wealth and
libertie

Cry all.

VVealth and libertie.

King.

It is inough, beleeeue me if you will,
For as I am your true succeeding Prince,
I sweare by all the Honour of my Crowne,
You shall haue libertie and pardon all,
As God hath giuen it and your lawfull King.

D 2

Wat Tyler.

The Life and Death

Was Tyler.

Ere we be pinch't with pouertie,
To dig our meate and vittels from the ground,
That are as worthe of good maintenance,
As any Gentleman your Grace doth keepe,
VVe will be Kings and Lords within our selues,
And not abide the pride of tyrannie,

King.

I pray thee fellow what countryman art thou?

Was Tyler.

It skils not much, I am an Englishman.

Ball.

Marrie Sir he is a Kentishman, and hath bin my scholler
ere now.

Maier.

Little good manner hath the villaine learnd,
To vse his Lord and King so barberously.

King.

VVell people aske you any more,
Than to be free and haue your libertie.

Cry all

VVealth and libertie.

King.

Then take my word I promise it to you all,
And eke my generall pardon now forth with,
Vnder seale and Letters pattents to performe the same.
Let euerie man betake him to his home,
And with what speed our Clarks can make dispatch,
Your pardons and your Letters pattents,
Shall be forth with sent downe in euerie shiere.

Hob Carter.

Marrie I thanke your Grace, *Hob Carter* and the *Essex*
men will home againe, and we take your word.

King.

of Iacke Strawe.

King.

VVe belecue you all, and thanke you all,
And presently we will commandement giue,
That all this busines may be quickly readie.

Exeunt King and his Traine.

Iacke Strawe.

I tell thee *Wat*, this is not that that I would haue,
I come for more than to be answered thus,
And if the *Essex* men will needes be gone,
Content, let them goe sucke their Mams at home,
I came for spoile and spoile Ile haue.

Wat Tyler.

Doe what thou wilt *Iacke*, I will follow thee.

Nobs.

How and if it be to the Gallowes.

Wat Tyler.

Why that is the worst.

Nobs.

And I faith that is sure, but if you will be ruld by me,
Trust not to his pardon for you die euerie Mothers sonne,
But Captaines, goe forward as we haue be gone.

Ball.

My Masters the boy speakes wisely,
I haue red this in Cato, *ad cum silium antiquam voceris.*
Take good counsell while it is giuen,

Iacke Strawe.

Content boy we will be ruld by thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Tom Miller to burne Papers.

Nobs.

VVhy how now Captaine *Miller*, I perceauce you take
no care which way the world goes.

D 3

Tom Miller.

The Life and Death

Tom Miller.

I faith *Nobs* I haue made a bonfire here of a great many of Bonds and Indentures and Obligations, faith I haue bin amongst the ends of the Court, & among the Records, & althath I saw either in the Guild-Hall or in any other place, I haue set fire on them, but where hast thou bin?

Nobs.

I haue bin with our Captaines, *Sirra* and *Ther*, at Saint *Jones* in smithfield, but *Sirra*: I can tell you newes, Cap-
taine *Carter* is gone home, and all our *Essex* men, and I feare we shall all be hanged, therefore looke you to your selfe, for I will looke to my selfe.

Exeunt Nobs.

Tom Miller.

Well if wee shall be hanged it is but a follie to be sorie,
But goe to it with a good stomacke,
Rydle me a ridle, whats this,
I shall be hanged, I shall not be hanged.

Here he tries it with a staffe.

Enter Ladies Mother and Gentleman Usher.

Queene.

VVhat doth that fellow?

Usher.

It seemeth Madam, he disputeth with himselfe,
VVhether he shall be hangd or no.

Queene.

Alas poore soule, simple inough God wor,
And yet not so simple as a great many of his companie.

Usher.

If it be as we are let to vnderstand,
My Lord the King hath giuen them generall pardon.

Queene.

offlacke Stra we.

Queene.

So he hath, & they like honest men are gone homwards,
or at least the most part of them, but worse in mine opini-
on is their haps that tarrie longest.

Tom Miller.

But peace here is the Kings Mother, she can do much
with the King, Ile treat her to beg my pardon of the King
wifelie, Ile goe to her, humble vnto your worships, a pore
Captaine *Thomas Miller*, requesting your fauorable be-
quest, touching the permission of deltray, towards the said
Captaine *Miller*; which in blunt and flat tearmes is no-
minated, *Sursum cordam, alis dictus hangum mentum*, from
which place of torment God vs all deliuer, and graunt vs
to be mercifull while wee lue here together: Now Sir, vn-
derstanding your worship is the Kings Mother, lamenta-
bly in the behalfe before spoken, to stand betweene mee
and the Gallowes or to beg my pardon, in which you shall
not onely saue a proper handsome tall fellow: and a stout
Captaine, but also you shall purchase the prayers of all the
ale-wiues in the towne, for sauing a mault-worme and a cu-
stomer to helpe away their strong ale.

Queene.

VWhat meanes the fellow by all this eloquence?

Usher.

It seemes he feares he shall be hangd,
And therefore craues your Graces fauour in his behalfe.

Queene.

Alas poore fellow, he seemeth to be a sturke idiot.
Good fellow if thou wilt goe beg thy pardon of the King,
I will speake for thee.

Tom Miller.

VWill you in faith, and I will giue you a cawdrie lace,

Usher.

Madam here comes an vnrule crew lets be gone.

Exeunt.

The Life and Death

Exeunt Queene Mother & Usher.

*Enter Iacke Strawe, Wat Tyler, Parson Ball, Nobs,
Tom Miller being there.*

Iacke Straw.

The King & his Nobles thinke they may sleepe in quiet,
Now they haue giuen vs a little holy water at the Court,
But thers no such matter, we be no such fooles,
To be bobd out with words and after come to hanging:
Wat doe the thing thou comst for,
If thou wilt be ruld by me, wele not leaue it so.

Wat Tyler.

Ran tara haue at all my boyes.

Tom Miller.

Saest thou so my hart, then farewell my pardon:
For Ile doe as yee doe, hang together for companie.

Ball.

Neighbours and friends neuer yeeld,
But fight it lustilie in the field:
For God will giue you strength and might,
And put your enemies to flight:
To stand against them day and night,
For of mine honestie your quarrels right.

Tom Miller.

O *Parson Ball*, before you all,
If all fall out not well, by following thy counsell,
And that by listning to thy talke,
To the Gallowes we doe walke:
Parson Ball I will tell thee,
And sweare it of mine honestie,
Thou shalt be hangd as well as we.

Iacke Strawe.

of Iacke Strawe.

Iacke Straw.

Peace here comes the King I throw.

*Enter the King, Maior, and Newton bearing
a sword.*

King.

VVhat companie be those *Newton* we doe see?
Be them of those that promised vs to part?

Newton.

Euen part of those my good and Gracious Lord,
That promised your highnes to depart.

King.

VVhy then I see they stand not to their words,
And sure they should not breake it so with me,
That haue so carefully remembred them:
This is a part of great ingratitude.

Maior.

And it like your Maiestie the *Essex* men,
With far more better mindes haue parted companie,
And euerie man be tane him to his home.
The chiefeft of these Rebels be of Kent,
Of bale degree and worfe conditions all,
And vowe as I am ginen to vnderstand,
To nothing but to hauocke and to spoile.

King.

Lord Maior, if it be so I wor,
It is a dangerous and vnnaturall resolution.
I pray thee *Newton* goe and speake with them,
Aske them what more it is that they require.

Newton.

My Masters, you that be the chiefeft of the rout,

The Life and Death

The King intreats you kindly here by me,
To come and speake with him a word or two.

Iacke Straw.

Sirra, if the King would any thinge with vs,
Tell him the way is indifferent to meete vs.

Newton.

You are too many to be talkt with all,
Besides you owe a dutie to your Prince.

Iacke Straw.

Sirra, giue me the sword thou wearest there,
Becomes it thee to be armd in my presence.

Newton.

Sir I weare my weapon for mine owne defence,
And by your leaue will weare it yet a while.

Iacke Strawe.

VVhat wilt thou villaine, giue me it I say.

King.

Newton giue it him if that be all the matter,
Here take it and much good doe itt thee.

Iacke Strawe.

*The King giues
him the sword.*

Villaine I say, giue me the sword thou bearest vp,
For thats the thing I tell thee I affect.

Newton.

This sword belongs vnto my Lord the King,
Tis none of mine, nor shalt thou haue the same:
Proud Rebel wert but thou and I alone,
Thou durst not aske it thus boldly, at my hands,
For all the wealth this Smithfield doth containe.

Iacke Strawe.

By him that dide for me, I wil not dine,
Till I haue seene thee hangd or made away.

King.

Alas Lord Maior, *Newton* is in great danger;
And force cannot preuaile amongst the rowt.

Maior.

of Iacke Strawe.

Maier.

Old Rome I can remember I haue read,
VVhen thou didst flourish for vertue, and for armes,
VVhat magnanimitie did abide in thee:
Then *Walworth* as it may become thee well,
Deserue some honour at thy Princes hand,
And beautifie this dignitie of thine,
VVith some or other Act of consequence:
Villaine I say whence comes this rage of thine,
How dar'st thou a dungell bastard borne,
To braue thy Soueraigne and his Nobles thus.
Villaine I doe arrest thee in my Princes name,
Proud Rebel as thou art take that withall;
Learne thou and all posteritie after thee,
VVhat tis a seruile slaue, to braue a King.
Pardon my Gracious Lord for this my fact,
Is seruice done to God, and to your selfe.

*Here he
stabs him.*

King.

Lord Maier for thy valiant Act in this,
And Noble courage in the Kings behalfe,
Thou shalt perceaue vs not to be vngratefull.

Cry all,

Our Captaine is slaine, our Captaine is slaine.

King.

Feare you not people for I am your King,
And I will be your Captaine and your friend.

Newton.

Pleaseth your Grace forgo with drawe your selfe,
These Rebels then will soone be put to foile.

Exeunt all but the Maier and two Sargants.

Maier.

Souldiers take hart to you and follow me,

The Life and Death

It is our God that giues the victorie
Drag this accursed villian through the streets,
To strike a terrour to the Rebels hearts,
London wil giue you power and armes,
And God will strengthen you and daunt your foes:
Fill Smithfield full of noise and ioyfull cries,
And say aloud God saue our Noble Prince.

Finis Actus Tertius.





Actus Quartus.

*Enter King, Lord Maior, Morton, Newton,
and Noble men.*

King.

LOrd Maior and well beloued friends,
Whose readines in aide of vs and ours,
Hath giuen iust tryall of your loya tie,
And loue you beare to vs and to our land:
Sith by the helpe and mighty hand of God,
These fowle vnnaturall broyles are quieted,
And this unhappie tumult well appeald:
Hauing as law and dutie binds vs too,
Giuen both dew praise and sacrifice of thanks,
Vnto our God from whome this goodnes comes:
Let me now to your counsell recommend,
And to your sad opinions generally,
The end of all these great and high affaires,
This mighty busines that we haue in hand
And that I may in brieve vnfold my minde,
My Lords I would not yet, but mercy should,
Against the law in this hard case preuaile:
And as I gaue my word vnto you all,
That if they then had left their mutiny,
Or rather had let fall their wrongfull Armes,
Their pardo then should haue bin generall,
So will I not; yet God forbid I should,
(Though law I know exact it at my hands)

E 3

Behold

The Life and Death

Behold so many of my country men,
All done to death and strangled in one day,
The end is this, that of that carelesse rout,
That hath so far vnnaturallie rebeld,
The chiefe offenders may be punished:
And thus you know my minde, and so my Lords proceed,
I pray you and no otherwise,

Newton.

Sith mercie in a Prince resembleth right;
The glad some sunne-shine in a winters day,
Pleaeth your Grace to pardon me to speake:
When all the hope of life and breathing heere,
Be tane from all this rowt in generall,
If then at instant of the dying howie,
Your Graces Honorable pardon come,
To men halfe dead, &ild who'ie in conceit,
Then thinke I, it will be more Gracious,
Than if it offered were so hastily:
V When thrid of life is almost set in twaine,
To giue it strength breeds thanks, and wonders too,

Maitr.

So many as are tane within the Cittie,
Are fast in hold to know your Graces will,

King.

There is but one or two in al the rowt,
VVhom we would haue to die for this offence,
Especially that by name are noted men:
One is a naughtie and seditious Priest,

They

of Iacke Strawe.

They call him *Ball*, as we are let to know,
A person more notorious than the rest,
But this I doe referre to your dispose.

Newton.

Pleaseth your Grace they haue bin rid apace,
Such speciall iren as we could possibly finde,
And many of the common rowt among:
And yet suruiues this *Ball* that cursed Priest,
And one *Wat Tyler*, leader of the rest:
VWhose villanies and outrageous cruelties,
Haue bin so barbourously executed:
The one with mallice of his traiterous taunts,
The other with the violence of his hands,
That gentle ruth nor mercie hath no eares,
To heare them speake, much lesse to pardon them.

King.

It is inough, I vnderstand your mindes,
And well I wot in causes such as these,
Kings may be found too full of clemencie:
But who are those that enter in this place.

Newton.

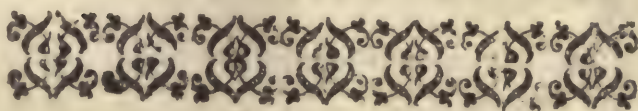
Pleaseth it your Grace, these be the men,
VWhom Law hath worthily condemnd to die,
Going to the place of execution:
The formost is that *Ball*, and next to him,
VWat Tyler, obstinate Reb's bot h,
For all the rest are of a better mould,
VWhose minds are softer than the formost twaine:
For being common souldiers in the campe,
VWere rather led with counsell of the rest,
Deseruing better to be pittied.

King.

The Life and Death

King.

As yet to those condemned men wee see,
Deiuer this a Pardon to them all:
Excepting namelie those two ffirst men,
I meane the Priest and him they call *Vat Tyler*.
To all the rest free Pardon we doe send,
And giue the same to vnderstand from vs.



The





The Kings Pardon deliuered by

Sir John Morton to the Rebels.



My friends and unhappie Countrymen, whom the lawes of England, haue worthilie condemned vnto death for your open and vnuacurall Rebellion against your lawfull Soueraigne and annointed Prince. I am sent vnto you from the Kinges most excellent Maiestie to giue you to vnderstand, that notwithstanding this violence which you haue offered to your selues, in running furiously into the daunger of the law, as mad and frantickemen vpon an edged sword: yet notwithstanding I say, that you haue gathered rods to scourge your own selues, following desperatlie your lewd and misgouerned heads, which haue halen you on to this wretched and shamefull end which is now imminent ouer you all, that must in strangling cords die like dogs, and finish your liues in this miserable reprochful sort, because you would not liue like men: But far vnlke your selues vnlke Englishmen, degenerate from your naturall obedience, & nature of your country, that by kinde bringeth forth none such, or at least brooketh none such, but spits the out for bastards and recreants: notwithstanding I say, (this torment wherein you now liue looking euerie houre to suffer such a shamefull and most detestable death, as doth commonly, belonge to such horrible offenders) yet it hath pleased the King of his accustomed goodnes to giue you
your

The Life and Death

your liues, and freely to forgive you your fautes sending
by mee generall Pardon to you all, excepting one onely
accursed and seditious Priest, that so far swarned from the
truth, and his alleageance to his Prince, and one *Wat Tyler*,
whose outrage hath bin noted so outrageous in al his actions
as for example to all Englishmen hereafter, his Maestie
hath thought good to account him & this Parson, (first stir-
rers in this tumult, and vnnaturall rebelling) the greatest
offenders that now liue to grieue his Maestie: and thus I
haue deliuered the message of the King, which is in effect,
generall pardon to you all, and a sentence of death vnto the
two Archrebels, *Ioh: Ball*, and *Wat Tyler*: For which great
Grace, if you thinke your selues any thinge bound to his
highnes (as infinitely you are) let it appeare as farre forth
hereafter as you may, either by outward signes of dutie, or
inward loyaltie of hartes expessed, and to begin the same,
in signe of your thankes, say all God saue the King.

Cry all, God saue the King.

Wat Tyler.

VVell then we know the worst,
He can but hang vs, and that is all,
VVere *Iacke Strawe* a liue againe,
And I in as good possibility as euer I was,
I would lay a surer trumpe,
Ere I would lose so faire a trick.

Ball.

And what I said in time of our busines I repent not,
And if it were to speake againe,
Euerie word should be a whole sermon,
So much I repent me.

Morton.

Awaie with the Rebels suffer them not to speake,

[H13]

of Iacke' Straw.

His words are poyson in the eares of the people,
Away villaine, staine to thy country and thy calling.

Wat Tyler.

VVhy *Morton* are you so lustie with a poxe,
I puld you out of Rochester Casteli by the powle.

Morton.

And in recompence I will help to set your head on a pole.

Wat Tyler.

Pray you lets be powlde first.

Morton.

Away with the Rebels.

Exeunt Rebels.

As gaue your Grace in charge I haue delivered,
Your highnes pleasure amongst the prisoners,
And haue proclaime your Graces pardon amongst the all
Saue onely those two vnnaturall Englishmen,
O might I say no English nor men,
That *Ball* and *Tyler* cursed Rebels both,
VVhom I commaunded to be executed:
And in your highnes name haue freed all the rest,
VVhose thankfull harts I finde as full repleat,
VVith signes of ioy and dutie to your Grace,
As those vnnaturall Rebels hatefull mouthes
Are full of foule speeches, and vnhonourable.

King.

It is no matter *Morton* let them barke,
I trow they cannot bite when they be dead,
And Lord Maior for your valiant act,
And daungerous attempt in our behalfe,
To free your country and your King from ill:
In our behalfe and in our common weale,
VVe will accept it as the deed deserves,
And thanke you for this honourable attempt.

F 2

Maior.

The Life and Death

Maier.

What subjects harts could brooke the rage of theirs,
To vaunt in presence of their Soueraigne Lord,
To braue him to his face before his Pieres,
But would by pollicie or force attempt,
To quell the raging of such furious toes?
My Soueraigne Lord, twas but my dutie done,
First vnto God, next to my lawfull King,
Proceeding from a true and loyall hart,
And to I hope your Grace esteemes thereof.

King.

To the end this deede shall rest in memorie,
Which shall continue for euer to the end:
Lord Maier Ile adioyne to thy degree,
Another Title of a lasting fame.
Kneele downe *William Walworth* and receaue,
By mine owne hand the order of Knighthood:
Stand yp *Sir William* first Knight of thy degree,
But hence forth all which shall succede thy place,
Shall haue like honour for thy Noble deede.
Besides that Time, shall nere abridge thy fame,
The Cittie armes shall beare for memorie,
The bloody dagger the more for *Walworths* honour.
Call forth your Harrold and receaue your due.

Maier.

My Gracious Lord this honourable Grace
So far above desert, sith what I did
My dutie and alieagaunce bad me doe,
Binds me and my successors euermore,
V With sweet encouragement to the like attempt.
Your Maiestie and all your Royall Pieres,
Shall finde your London such a store house full,
As not alone you shall commaund our wealth,
But loyall harts the treasure of a Prince,

Shall

of lacke Strawe.

shall growe like graines sowne in a ferti^l soyle,
And God I praile that with his holy hand,
Hath giuen me hart to free my Prince and land.

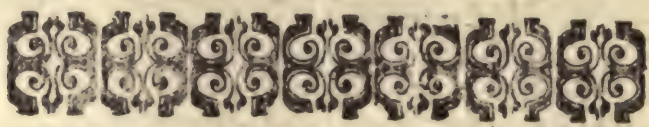
King.

Then sith these daungerous broiles are ouer past,
VVith shedding of so little English blood.
Tis for the fame and houour of a Prince,
VVell to reward the Actors of the same.
So many of thy bretheren as accompanied thee,
In Smithfield heere about this bold attempt,
VVhen time shall serue Ile Knight them as thou art
And so Lord *Maier*, *Newton*, *Morton* and the rest,
Accompany vs to gard vs to the Tower,
VVhere wele repose and rest our selues all night.

FINIS.



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Jack Straw
The life and death of Jack
Straw

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